THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 28, 1809.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LONGEVITY *of* PENWITH.

[From Polwhele's Population of Cornwall, p. 51, 52.]

THE hundred of Penwith has been celebrated, beyond other parts of Cornwall, for the long lives of its natives. In the parish of Crowan, the St. Aubyns' have not regularly resided at their seat of Clowance, and have, therefore, denied themselves the advantage of its fine salubrious air. John St. Aubyn, esq. who was sheriff of Cornwall, 9th Elizabeth, seems to have lived to a great age; and his son Thomas was living at the time of the visitation, in 1620, very aged.

Mr. Scawen, in his MS. tells us, that in the year 1676, died a woman, in the parish of Gwythian, (the narrowest, and therefore, as to the air, to be reckoned among the saltest parts of the county), 164 years old, of good memory, and healthful at that age.

Christian Merchant, born in St. Agnes, but generally called, from her living there, the old woman of Gwythian, died there at an extreme age; but how old Mr. Tonkin could not learn.

Mr. Tobias Michell, of Gwinear, was 94 years old in April, 1802, as appears by the register; yet he walks twice a day to Camborne church, distant about two miles. Being observed to sing and jump like a boy, about a month since, a neighbour told him that he was "a very remarkable old man," at which

word *old* he was quite angry, and said every body in this country was called old man as soon as he became middle-aged.

Humphrey Mackworth Praed, esq. of Trevethee, in Lelant, died at Bath in 1803, at the age of 84. This is comparatively no great age; yet Mr Praed was often said to be the oldest gentleman of Cornwall. Had he lived an hundred years, he would have been deemed a prodigy. The lives of the common people glide away unnoticed, because they pass in obscurity.

In 1805 died, at Redruth, Mrs. Magor, relict of Captain Magor, of Chacewater, in the 88th year of her age.

Some years since Zenobia Baragwannith, of the parish of Ludgvan, attending the duke of Bolton's court at St. Ives, as one of his tenants, excited the wonder of the steward. Addressing him with the lease in her hand, Miss Zenobia Baragwannith said, that, being 99, she was come to deliver up her papers, and begged to be dismissed, as "she was riding a young beast."

For some of the natives of St. Hilary, who died "full of years," I am indebted to my truly ingenious and respectable friend, the Rev. Malachi Hitchins.

Old Mr. L——, of L——, is perhaps, one of the most surprising instances of longevity upon record, as he lived nearly one hundred years, indulging his appetites to the utmost excess. He is said to have kept almost "a seraglio," (in the vulgar sense of the word) 'till the age of 70, and "he had his girl," it seems, to the last. In the mornings it was his custom to sit on a bench before his house, in a loose plaid gown and a velvet cap. He dined, I apprehend, at the primitive hour of one; and after dinner he drank his brandy, "like a fish," always "clean spirit," and often a bottle and half, but, on an average, a good bottle for the last forty years of his life. This gentleman, with two others, his companions in glee, once drank (as I am credibly informed) an anchor of Geneva, twelve gallons, at a single sitting. With a friend who preferred wine, Mr. L—— would drink his brandy, glass for glass, and sometimes see his friend under the table. He has been called "The Anacreon of the west," to conjure up (how poor in comparison with the refinements of Cornish voluptuousness,) those scenes of Grecian pleasure,

> "Where, hoar Anacreon! where thy joyous train
> Their ruby cups to thrilling music quaff'd,
> And love and Bacchus laugh'd."

"In the language of the west," said a correspondent from the neighbourhood of Penzance, in 1802) we should not call a person of 75 or 80 aged. Yet it is remarkable, that Mrs. Sarah Carter,

Carter, of the town of Penzance, now about 80, is godmother to her first cousin, Richard Thomas, to Richard Thomas his son, and to Richard Thomas his grandson, all living at this moment."

So far, my friend, let me add, that I have known instances of Cornishmen, at the age of 75, breathing a love-sigh, and courting a mistress to their arms. The ages of three aldermen now living at Marazion amount to 140; yet, who would venture to call these gentlemen old, in the region of septuagenary lovers?"

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 672.)

LAWYER DAVIS (universally so called) was an active honourable little fellow in great request, and would ride further for a few shillings in the prosecution of his business, than some physicians will for as many pounds. He was a light weight, was always well-mounted, and travelled by the compass with extraordinary expedition. A few days after our hero's interview with his mother, he called upon him with an invitation from his grandfather at Glen-Morgan to come over to him upon particular business, and Davis did not disguise from him that it was for the purpose of communicating to him the disposal of his effects by will.

To a summons so important there was neither prohibition nor delay. John, however, in a short interview with his mother, suggested to her the opportunity that now offered for presenting to Amelia the miniature of her father, with which he was entrusted. Mrs. De Lancaster had no objection to his making an excursion to Denbigh, and allowed him to use her name for his introduction to Miss Jones, but the proposal of writing to Mrs. Jennings had been laid aside. Lawyer Davis was to go with him, and John under such a swift-sailing convoy soon found himself safe moored by the side of his grandfather.

"John," said the good old man, "I have been putting down a few items in the only work of mine, that will ever descend to posterity, and as you have a concern in the purport of it, I think it is but right you should know what it is. In this paper, which is my last will and testament, and which friend Davis has translated out of English into law, I have bequeathed my estates real and personal to your mother, independently of her husband for her life, and after her decease to you and your

heirs, executors and assigns, for ever. So God bless you with it! I for one shan't hold it from you long. However take notice, I have not forgotten certain friends and dependants, who will have claims upon you; and as I have not been notoriously uncharitable in my life, I have not quite overlooked that duty at my death. I shall not turn out rich in money, for the labouring poor have been so confoundedly pinched, that they would not let me gratify the rascally passion which I naturally had to be a miser. There is Dame Jennings will come upon you for an annuity, and that little witch Amelia Jones is down in black and white for another. I could not help it. They were both too good, and one of them too pretty, too innocent, and too helpless to be left to the wide world; I could not go out of it in peace, and leave them to starve in poverty; you must think, John, that would not do, would it? No, no; I was forced to take care of them for the sake of an easy conscience, or in other words (do you see) for my own sake; else I should not have done it for the mere pleasure of giving away; for I have no pleasure in it. As a proof of that, look you, here is a hundred guineas in a canvas purse, I took from the greasy pocket of a drover for twenty head of scabby cattle, that were neither use nor ornament to me. I cheated the poor fellow, or rather I should say, let him cheat himself; for I took what he offered. Now here's a case in point, if you don't take and rid me of it, it will lie upon my conscience, and what with that and the gout together, I shall get no sleep."

"You know, my dear generous grandfather," said John, "I don't want money."

"Perhaps not; but I want sleep," replied the grandfather; "therefore take it, if you love me, and dispose of it as you like."

John made no further opposition, but received the present.

It so chanced that in the evening a certain Jew, Israel Lyons by name, who was in the practice of travelling about the country at stated periods with his portable stock in trade, came to the house. He had the character of a fair-dealing man, and was well known to the principal families in those parts. Israel either bought or sold, and was a trader in all respects coformable to the occasions of those to whom he resorted. Old Morgan having retired to his chamber, John, according to custom, had stepped aside to pay a kind visit to Mrs. Richards and the old butler, whilst Israel was descanting upon the excellence of a pair of spectacles, which the good lady was cheapening; these were soon purchased and paid for without any cheapening at all, and in the mean time our hero's eyes were caught by the attraction of a rich and elegant gold chain of curious workmanship, which Israel displayed with address and eloquence, at least proportioned to its merit. It instantly occurred

occurred to John that this brilliant chain would admirably become the beautiful neck of Amelia, and be a fit and apposite appendage to the miniature picture of her father, which he was about to present to her. A speedy transfer of the aforesaid chain was accordingly made by Mr. Israel Lyons, who had no kind of difficulty in parting from it for value received in ready cash, upon terms of his own proposing; and thus it came to pass, that the present, which John hesitated to receive, was, as it now turned out, most opportunely bestowed.

The next morning brought our young De Lancaster to the door of Mrs. Jennings; he was admitted to that lady, but Amelia was not present. When he had communicated the object of his visit, and signified that he waited on Miss Jones with the entire approbation, and in fact by the immediate desire of his mother, Mrs. Jennings paused, and after a few moments recollection, said—

"I should very much wish, Mr. De Lancaster, that Amelia Jones, agitated as I am sure she will be upon the sight of this most interesting present, might, with your permission, be allowed to receive it in the first instance through my hands; that so she may have time to recollect herself, before she undertakes to pay her acknowledgments to Mrs. de Lancaster through you, and to you in person; and I hope, Sir, you will believe that I can have no other inducement for proposing this to you, except that of my consideration for the feelings of the young and sensitive creature, who is under my immediate charge.

To this appeal our hero instantly replied—"As I promised my mother that I would deliver this token of her affection into Miss Jones's hands, I confess I wished to have fulfilled my promise; but your authority supersedes those wishes on my part, and with all possible respect for your superior judgment, I beg you will transmit this packet to Miss Jones in the way you think best; I am only the bearer of it, and shall intrude no further."

Having risen from his seat whilst he was uttering these words, he had no sooner made an end of speaking, than he bolted out of the room with a rapidity that precluded all reply.

"Never will I enter those doors again," he exclaimed as he stepped into the street, "whilst that dragon is within them."

We make no comment on this hasty proceeding of our disappointed hero; some of our readers perhaps will find a plea for it; we offer none. The good lady whose caution had given cause for it, (if any cause there was) had by the sudden departure of her visitor been precluded from making any of those efforts for detaining him, which politeness might else have dictated. He had passed her windows before she had sufficiently recovered her surprise to attempt at explanation, and she had

now to reflect how far it was, or was not incumbent upon her to relate the incident with all its circumstances to Amelia. In her sense of the responsible situation, in which she stood towards the families of De Lancaster and Morgan, she conceived it highly behoved her to be extremely careful how she gave them any grounds to accuse her of favouring interviews, that in course of time might lead to an attachment, which she had reason to apprehend might involve her in much trouble, if considered by those families as originating in her house.

When she had weighed these circumstances in her mind, she found so many reasons that justified her reserve towards young De Lancaster, that she no longer regretted the interruption she had given to a second interview, which would probably have excited some sensations, and drawn out some expressions on the part of Amelia, which she by no means was disposed to encourage. She now took up the packet, and entering the room, where Amelia, unconscious of what had been passing, was employed upon her studies.

" My dear child," she said, " I have a present for you from Mrs. Philip de Lancaster, which I am sure you will very highly value, being a miniature portrait of your father, which that lady has long had in her possession, and now kindly bestows it upon you."

" Bless me," exclaimed Amelia, " how very kind that is in Mrs. De Lancaster! What a good and generous lady she must be." In the mean time she eagerly proceeded to open the packet, which inclosed two shagreen cases, and instantly taking that which evidently contained the miniature of her father, rapturously exclaimed—" Oh what an exquisite, what an admirable resemblance; how lovely, how divine is the expression of this countenance! I can look on this with more delight than I can on the portrait below stairs; for here I behold him happy and in health; there he appears so melancholy and dejected, that I can hardly ever look upon it without tears. But what in the name of wonder is this," said she, opening the case in which the gold chain was contained; " Bless me! can this fine thing be intended for me? Did Mrs. De Lancaster give me this also?'

" I suppose so," said Mrs. Jennings, " at least, I know nothing to the contrary."

" But who brought it?" demanded Amelia; and thus interrogated, Mrs. Jennings was constrained to answer, that it was brought and delivered to her by young De Lancaster himself.

" Oh then I am sure this chain at least is his present," said the enraptured girl, her face flushing, and her eyes glistening with joy, " why did'nt you call me down instantly to pay my thanks

thanks to him? Come, Madam! why do we keep him waiting?"

"Hold, my dear. The gentleman is not waiting; he is gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Amelia, "you astonish me; you alarm me. Is it possible Mr. De Lancaster could bring me these fine presents, these inestimable presents, and go away without seeing me? Ah, dear Madam, tell me at once without disguise where is he gone, why is he gone?

"Have patience, my dear child, and you shall hear. It was by no means my wish that he should go without your seeing him, and paying him your acknowledgments so justly due; but as I did not know to what degree you might be affected by the sight of your father's picture, I thought it on all accounts adviseable to desire Mr. De Lancaster would allow me to be the bearer of the packet to you; for which I assured him I had no other motive but consideration and regard for your repose; upon which he gave me the packet, expressed himself disappointed, and before I could answer, left the house."

"In anger—"

"I suspect it."

"Ah Madam, Madam, where then is my repose, which you so cautiously consulted? Gone for ever. I might have been the happiest of human beings, I am now the most miserable. Much as I adore the memory of my father, infinitely as I prize this relic, which presents me with his image, and dear to me as this token of Mr. De Lancaster's favour would have been, yet as he wished to give it to me, and that small, that trifling gratification was denied to him, never will I wear it, touch it, look upon it more, 'till I receive it from his hands, and am assured of his forgiveness."

Having said this, she burst into tears, and what Mrs. Jennings suggested for her consolation would not be very interesting to relate.

(To be continued.)

Memoir of the Public Services of the Right Hon. Lord Cochrane, K. B. Captain in the Royal Navy, &c.

(Concluded from Page 667.)

IN consequence of the disabled state of the Pallas, Lord Cochrane did not go to sea again in that ship, but was appointed to the Imperieuse (formerly la Medée) of 40 guns, which he has ever since commanded.

Between the 13th of December, 1806, and the 7th of January, 1807, his lordship took, and destroyed, fifteen ships of

the enemy. About the time last-mentioned, the boats of the Imperieuse under the direction of Lieutenant Mapleton, made a successful attack upon Fort Roquette, at the entrance of the bason of Arcasson. This fort, which had been intended for the defence of the bason, and of such vessels as might be lying in it, was completely laid in ruins; a large quantity of military stores was destroyed; four 36-pounders, two field pieces, and a thirteen-inch mortar were spiked; and all the platoons and carriages burnt. This enterprise, through the judicious manner in which it was planned and conducted, was accomplished without any loss whatever on the part of the assailants.

Subsequently to the event here noticed, Lord Cochrane has been employed chiefly on the coast of Spain. At first, we believe he went upon an independent cruise; but afterwards placed himself under the command of Lord Collingwood, whose squadron was employed in the blockade of Cadiz, and in checking the exertions of the Spaniards, who were at that time acting under the influence of the French. No sooner had they attempted to shake off the galling yoke of their oppressors, than the English, ever sympathising with those feelings which result from a sense of the inestimable blessings of liberty, proffered the most generous assistance; and, independently of his duty, as a British officer, we have reason to believe, that Lord Cochrane found himself impressed with the warmest interest, in favour of the patriots of Spain. Certain it is, that he made every exertion in their behalf, that could be made with a single ship; and that he both deserved and acquired the approbation of Lord Collingwood, the commander in chief. In the month of July, 1808, while cruising off Catalonia, he formed the resolution of rescuing the castle of Mongal, which commands an important post between Barcelona and Gerona, from the hands of the French, by whom it had been seized. Accordingly, on the 31st of July, he attacked and carried that fortress; which, as soon as the military stores it contained had been delivered over to the patriots, he destroyed.

Lord Cochrane next appears off the coast of Languedoc, where in September, 1808, he blew up, and totally destroyed the newly-constructed "semaphoric telegraphs at Bourdique, la Pinede, St. Maguire, Frontignan, Canet, and Foy; together with the houses attached, fourteen barracks of the gens-d'arms, a battery, and the strong tower upon the lake of Frontignan. The telegraphs here mentioned were considered as of the utmost importance to the safety of the convoys accustomed to pass along the coast of France; as, by their signals, they constantly apprised them of the approach of any English cruiser that might appear. Alluding to this service, the commander in chief in his official letter, says: "Nothing can exceed the

activity and zeal with which his lordship pursues the enemy. The success which attends his enterprises clearly indicates with what skill and ability they are conducted; besides keeping the coast in constant alarm, causing a total suspension of trade, and harassing a body of troops employed in opposing him, he has, probably, prevented those troops which were intended for Figueras, from advancing into Spain, by giving them employment in the defence of their own coasts." It appears, indeed, from Lord Cochrane's statement, that the comparatively insignificant force which he landed upon this occasion, drew about 2000 troops from the fortress of Figueras, to the defence of the French coast.

Towards the close of the year (1808) the Imperieuse, with other ships, was employed in the bay of Rosas, to assist the Spaniards in defending the fortress of that place; and Lord Cochrane, with his accustomed alacrity and spirit, landed, and took upon himself the defence of Trinity Castle, an outwork of the garrison, on which its preservation depended. At that time (November 22) the garrison, which consisted of only about eighty Spaniards, was on the point of surrendering. With this handful of men, joined by a similar number of seamen and marines, from the Imperieuse, Lord Cochrane made the most astonishing exertions; and, on the 30th of the month, when a general assault was made upon the castle, by 1000 picked men, he drove the assailants back, with the loss of their commanding officer, storming equipage, and all who had attempted to mount the breach. At length, finding it impossible to resist the overwhelming numbers of the French, the citadel of Rosas capitulated, on the 5th of December; and, as farther resistance, in Trinity Castle, would have been "useless and impracticable," Lord Cochrane blew up the magazines, and returned to his ship. The gallantry of his lordship, in this instance, did not fail to call forth appropriate praise. "The heroic spirit and ability," says his commander in chief, "which has been evinced by Lord Cochrane, in defending this castle, although so shattered in its works, against the repeated attacks of the enemy, is an admirable instance of his lordship's zeal." One of the Spanish gazettes, too, after noticing, in the handsomest terms, his preceding services, concluded by saying, "It is a sufficient eulogium upon his character to mention, that in the defence of the castle of Trinidad, (Trinity Castle) when the Spanish flag, hoisted on the wall, fell into the ditch, under a most dreadful fire from the enemy, his lordship was the only person, who, regardless of the shower of balls flying about him, descended into the ditch, returned with the flag, and happily succeeded in placing it where it was before."

The last specific service in which we find Lord Cochrane engaged, previously to his joining the Channel fleet, under Lord

Gambier, was the seizure of two French ships of war, with a convoy of eleven victuallers for Barcelona, in the port of Caldagues, about the 2d of January.

The last instance of the distinguished bravery of Lord Cochrane was exhibited in Basque Roads, on the 12th of April last, the detail of which is thus given by Admiral Lord Gambier, the commander in chief, in his official dispatch:

"At day-light on the 12th of April, Lord Cochrane communicated to me by telegraph, that seven of the enemy's ships were on shore, and might be destroyed. I immediately made the signal for the fleet to unmoor and weigh, intending to proceed with it to effect their destruction. The wind, however, being fresh from the northward, and the flood-tide running, rendered it too hazardous to run into Aix Roads, (from its shallow water), I therefore anchored again at the distance of three miles from the forts on the island.

"As the tide suited, the enemy evinced great activity in endeavouring to warp their ships (which had grounded) into deep water, and succeeded in getting all but five of the line towards the entrance of the Charente, before it became practicable to attack them.

"I gave orders to Captain Bligh of the Valiant, to proceed with that ship, the Revenge, Indefatigable, Aigle, Emerald, Pallas, Beagle, Ætna bomb, Insolent gun-brig, Conflict, Encounter, Fervent, and Growler, to anchor near the Boyrat-Shoal, in readiness for the attack. At twenty minutes past two P. M. Lord Cochrane advanced in the Imperieuse, with his accustomed gallantry and spirit, and opened a well-directed fire upon the Calcutta, which struck her colours to the Imperieuse; the ships and vessels above-mentioned soon after joined in the attack upon the Ville de Varsovie and Aquilon, and obliged them, before five o'clock, after sustaining a heavy cannonade, to strike their colours, when they were taken possession of by the boats of the advanced squadron. As soon as the prisoners were removed, they were set on fire, as was also the Tonnerre, a short time after by the enemy.

"I afterwards detached Rear-Admiral the Hon. Robert Stopford, in the Cæsar, with the Theseus, three additional fire ships (which were hastily prepared in the course of the day), and all the boats of the fleet, with Mr. Congreve's rockets, to conduct the further operations of the night against any of the ships which lay exposed to an attack. On the morning of the 11th, the rear-admiral reported to me, that as the Cæsar and other line of battle ships had grounded, and were in a dangerous situation, he thought it advisable to order them all out, particularly as the remaining part of the service could be performed by frigates and small vessels only; and I was happy to find that they were extricated from their perilous situation.

"Captain

"Captain Bligh has since informed me, that it was found impracticable to destroy the three-decked ship, and the others which were lying near the entrance of the Charente, as the former, being the outer one, was protected by three lines of boats placed in advance from her.

"I cannot speak in sufficient terms of admiration and applause of the vigorous and gallant attack made by Lord Cochrane upon the French line of battle ships which were on shore, as well as for his judicious manner of approaching them, and placing his ship in the position most advantageous to annoy the enemy, and preserve his own ship; which could not be exceeded by any feat of valour hitherto achieved by the British navy."

We are sorry to have to add, that a very unpleasant contest respecting the attack on the French ships in Basque Roads took place between Lord Cochrane and Lord Gambier. It was proposed, that the thanks of both houses of parliament should be voted to Admiral Lord Gambier, the commander in chief, and the officers and men employed in this service. Lord Cochrane publicly declared, that he should oppose this motion, as far as it related to Lord Gambier. In consequence of this declaration Admiral Gambier thought it necessary to call for a court-martial to examine whether he, as commander in chief, had been guilty of any neglect or misconduct. This court-martial was accordingly held at Portsmouth, and terminated on the 4th of August, when Lord Gambier was most honourably acquitted, and his conduct spoken of in terms of high praise. This dispute appears to have originated in a difference of opinion. Lord Gambier, and most of the officers who served under him, were of opinion that ships of the line could not have been employed in endeavouring to destroy the French ships, without running the most imminent risk of their destruction, and the loss of many valuable lives; Lord Cochrane was of a different opinion, and thought that more might have been done than was to effect the destruction of the French naval force in Basque Roads.

CHARACTER *of the late* DAVID BARCLAY, Esq.

THIS amiable person paid the debt of nature in the month of June last, at Walthamstow, at the age of 81. He was the only surviving grandson of Robert Barclay, of Urie, author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers. He was bred to business in the city of London, and was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade, and the affairs of which he closed at the commencement of the revolution. He was, at that time, as much

distinguished by his talents, knowledge, integrity, and power, as a merchant, as he has been ever since in retirement by his patriotism, philanthrophy, and munificence. We cannot form to ourselves, even in imagination, the idea of a character more perfect than that of David Barclay. Graced by nature with a most noble form, all the qualities of his mind and the heart corresponded with the grandeur of his exterior. The superiority of his understanding confirmed the impression which the dignity of his demeanor made on all; and though, by the tenets of his religious faith, he abstained from all the honours of public trust, to which he was frequently invited by his fellow-citizens, yet his influence was justly great on all the public questions of the day: his examination at the bar of the house of commons, and his advice on the subject of the American dispute, were so clear, so intelligent, and so wise, that, though not followed, Lord North publicly acknowledged he had derived more information from him than from all others on the east of Temple-bar.

It was the revolution that determined him to wind up his extensive concerns, and to retire; but not as busy men generally retire—to the indulgence of mere personal luxury. His benevolent heart continued active in his retreat. He distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways. Instead of making all those persons whom he loved dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became, himself, the executor of his own will, and by the most magnificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity, of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was given, but to the young men, whom he had bred in his mercantile house, and of whose virtuous dispositions he approved.

Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay, for the means of their first introduction into life, and for the benefits of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred. And the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, held out a lively example, and a lesson to others, of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence.

His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species; he was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends; he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man therefore was ever more active

than

than David Barclay, in promoting whatever might ameliorate the condition of man; largely endowed by providence with the means, he felt it to be his duty to set great examples; and when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, "that they were too ignorant and too barbarous for freedom," he resolved, at his own expense, to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica fall to him, he determined at the expense of 10,000l. to emancipate the whole gang (as they are termed) of slaves. He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity. He sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades; the members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to shew that the black skin inclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! During all this course of well-doing, his own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a house of industry, near his own residence, on such solid principles, that, though it cost him 1500l. for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a source of comfort, and even of independence, to all the well disposed families of the poor around. The numberless individual acts of his benevolence, though discriminate, were never degraded by the narrowness of a religious distinction.

Mr. David Barclay was twice married; he had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, every way worthy of such a father. She died some years ago, leaving issue, Hudson Gurney, esq. and the wife of Sampson Hanbury, esq.

Nothing could surpass the tranquillity of his last moments. He was composed, chearful, and resigned. He had no struggle with life; he rather ceased to live than felt the pang of death.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, Monday, July 3, 1809.

WRIGHT *against* WARDLE.

(Continued from Page 664.)

IN the month of October or November, 1808, Colonel Wardle, Mrs. Clarke, and a Major Dodd, went upon an excursion

sion together, partly of pleasure, partly of curiosity, and partly of enquiry. They visited the sea coasts; and to examine, I suppose, into the state of our national defence, enquired into the Martello towers, their construction, and their object; what they cost in brick and mortar, and what might be their supply in gunpowder and ball. The labour of this public-spirited investigation necessarily rendered this travelling board of military revision very intimate and close with each other. I will not say, that all these respective commissioners were one in bed and board; but certainly, Mrs. Clarke and the colonel were on very good terms. Colonel Wardle seemed, in the opinion of every one, to be particularly attached to Mrs. Clarke; and in the evidence which I shall have to call in this case, I shall prove that this attachment was not merely seeming, but that it led to some substantial results, some palpable proofs.

Upon their return to town, Mrs. Clarke was very naturally in want of an house, and very naturally applied to Mr. Wardle. Mrs. Clarke could not at that time, according to her own account, command a guinea, and therefore had recourse to Colonel Wardle. The house was good—what then? why this was the house that Jack built; there was nothing in it but lath, plaister, and rats. It was necessary, therefore, to furnish the house, and Mrs. Clarke, as being without a guinea, again applied to Colonel Wardle. She first, however, went to her upholsterer, Mr. Wright, and asked him for credit. Mr. Wright very naturally objected, that she was already some hundreds in his debt. "You cannot, therefore," said he, "reasonably expect that I can supply you with more. I know you to be an embarrassed woman; but for old acquaintance sake, I will do what I can. I cannot let you have the goods on your own account, lest they should be seized and sold for your debts, but I will lend you goods on hire. At the time that you contracted the debt with me which you owe me now, you were infinitely better off than you are now; you had a better establishment, and at least a tolerable paymaster. You must not expect, therefore, that I should trust you now upon the same grounds as I trusted you then."

"Well," says Mrs. Clarke, "I do not want you to trust me on my account. I do not want you to furnish my house, or sell these goods to me on my own credit, for there is a friend of mine who will furnish it for me; who will order you to furnish, and who will pay for whatever you shall lay in. Rest assured that you shall be paid for your furniture to the last penny. You shall not trust me, but have a commission from my friend; you will have no objection, I suppose, to furnish my house in this way?"

"None at all," replied Wright, "if your friend be a responsible man."

[Here the attorney-general stated the circumstances which occurred when the furniture was ordered, as will be hereafter given in the evidence of Mrs. Clarke.]

I am really at a loss to conjecture, what possible defence can be set up; for in surveying all the points and bearings of this case, I can see no sufficient defence—no coverable pretext—why, in point of law, my client should not recover to the extent of his demand. It is, indeed, very intelligible, that Colonel Wardle should be unwilling—very unwilling—to discharge this demand; because it is one of those demands which cannot much redound to his honour as a married man, and which I believe has not hitherto, in any of his fruits, much redounded to his profit. My case will be supported by the evidence of Mrs. Clarke. I conceive it unnecessary to insist that Mrs. Clarke is a credible witness, because I do not conceive that the opposite counsel will be instructed to impugn her credibility. I do not think that Colonel Wardle has much to say upon this score. But if Mrs. Clarke is to be believed, we are satisfied our case will be done with in a moment. Mrs. Clarke will prove the full responsibility of Colonel Wardle—his engagements, his selection of the articles, what he said to her, and what he said to Daniel Wright.

It cannot be pleasant to me thus to divide friendships which, on all ordinary grounds, seemed unseverable; it cannot be pleasant to me to call up Pylades against Orestes, and oppose Mrs. Clarke to Colonel Wardle. But in the execution of our duties in this court, we have many such unpleasant obligations; and evidence must be taken, though it should be that of the dearest associates against each other. I shall proceed, therefore, to call Mrs. Clarke.

Mrs. Clarke being sworn, spoke to the following effect:—I was absent from London in the course of the last year for some time previous to November, but not on a tour. When I came to town I had taken a house in Westbourne-place. I had taken it from last September; but I did not have it until the 9th or 10th of November. I was obliged to take it from September, but I did not enter until the 9th of November; a negociation was going forward about that time for a lease. After the house was taken in Westbourne-place, I communicated to Colonel Wardle that I had taken a house. It was unfurnished. I had several conversations with Colonel Wardle about the furnishing it, before I applied to Mr. Wright in November; but when the house was taken, Mr. Wright sent a few things in upon hire.

I was at that time indebted to Mr. Wright in some hundreds, on some former accounts, and then he sent in some things on hire. I was indebted to him 300l. or 400l. As I was so much indebted to him, I certainly did not propose to him to furnish my

my house on my own credit. I did apply to him for credit on my own account, for a sum beyond 500l. or 600l. but he refused; and he proposed to send in a few things for hire. I told him I had a friend, who I believed would furnish it. I stated that to Mr. Wright in consequence of a conversation which I had with Colonel Wardle; but when I said I had a friend in view, I did not mention his name at that interview. The friend I had in view at that time was Mr. Wardle; and that was in consequence of a conversation I had with him, and promises that he was holding out to me. The promises and the conditions were, that he was to assist me, on condition that I was to give him every information in my power, and to assist in the investigation; in return for which he was to furnish the house as a part, as a requital to me for giving him assistance. Almost immediately after I had thus communicated to Mr. Wright, I communicated to Colonel Wardle that I had done so, for I saw him very frequently at that time—every day. When I communicated this to Colonel Wardle, he told me that he approved of it. I had, at that time, not the least means of providing for the expence of supplying the furniture. I was very distressed indeed then, and Colonel Wardle knew it. He knew other things in which I was indebted to Mr. Wright, because he desired him to bring an action against the person whom he conceived, ought to have paid that bill; indeed, he promised to Mr. Wright, if he lost the cause, that he would pay his costs for him.

This Mr. Wright, as a tradesman, was afraid to do. Colonel Wardle afterwards accompanied me to Mr. Wright's, to assure him of his (Colonel Wardle's) personal responsibility. Mr. Wright was confined to his room, and Colonel Wardle did not see him; but I went into his room with his wife, and saw him though he was in bed. Mr. Daniel Wright at ended as Mr. Wright's brother. I said to him, "That is the gentleman who is to furnish my house." Colonel Wardle heard this; he went for that purpose, and was silent. That was the express purpose for which he went. We looked over the furniture, and Mrs. Wright fetched me out to speak to her husband. It was very near half an hour before I came back to Colonel Wardle, who remained chusing some of the things; he knew exactly the state of my house.

At the first interview he had with Mr. Wright, he ordered several things to be sent in, in return for those I had hired. When I came back to him from Mr. Wright's room, he said, that (pointing to one) was a handsome side-board, and it was coming in for me. They had settled it in my absence, and there was very little for me to say. Colonel Wardle has gone a great many times into Mr. Wright's shop, when we were together in a hackney-coach, and I did not go in; but he went

in once or twice more with me. I had chosen a pattern of a carpet, with which Colonel Wardle had found great fault when he saw the piece in my drawing-room. We, in consequence, went to Mr. Wright's, where we were shewn some other carpets. Colonel Wardle selected one which he liked better. Major Dodd was with us; this was the first time he was with us both. The carpet I liked was of a light pattern; they wished me to have a scarlet and bronze one. I objected, that that was only fit for parlours; my room was a drawing-room. Major Dodd said the scarlet and bronze was Turkish, and would suit me very well; I said, that was the very reason I did not like it. However, I got over my objection, and said, "I did not care about it; the carpet was an expensive one; and as Colonel Wardle was going to pay for it, they should have their choice." Colonel Wardle did not express any astonishment at this.

Several things were ordered by me and Colonel Wardle, in the presence of Major Dodd. I did not in the least object to his increasing the order. The things were finally sent in. It took two or three months to complete the order. The things were sent in in December and January. The hired things were sent back again Colonel Wardle was constantly in every room in the house, from the kitchen to the garrets; and sometimes sent back expensive things that Mr. Wright had sent in, when the colonel thought they were superfluous. I recollect, one day, a very large mirror coming in, when Colonel Wardle was with me; he said, Mr. Wright had already sent into the room a large chandelier, and put himself in so great a passion, that I thought the man who brought it would have let it fall. Major Dodd came in at the time, and they consulted together about it. The major persuaded the colonel to suffer the man to leave it, as it rained, and perhaps the colonel might alter his mind. I thought it too much, and sent it back. Colonel Wardle said, in the presence of Major Dodd, that Mr. Wright would not be so easy in sending in things, only that he knew who was to pay for them. There was also an expensive writing-desk, to which Colonel Wardle objected; he said, it was not well made; I did not think so; and said, that sooner than part with it, I would pay for it out of my own pocket. I kept it accordingly, and the colonel was afterwards ashamed of himself. Some time after this, Mr. Wright expressed a wish to me for some money on account. I communicated his wish to Colonel Wardle. I had not then a guinea on earth. Mr. Wright's wish was, that I should ask Colonel Wardle for some, 500l. or 600l. was mentioned. The colonel said, he had it not just immediately, but would consult a friend about it.

(To be continued.)

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to W. Kent's Rebus, inserted July 3.

DETESTED MALICE! never may it rest
Within the center of the human breast.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. W. of Charmouth; J. Woodman, of NorthCurry; Hugh Trenchard, junior, of Thorncombe; S. Tucker, of Bugford; P. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; J. French, at Evershot-school; J. Thomas, of St. Agnes; T. Kite, of Stockland; R I. Paget, of Exmouth; R Loosemore, of Tiverton; and a sailmaker, and N. Gribble, of Plymouth.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to H. Ellis's Charade, inserted July 3.

ELIZA's EYE is BRIGHT you say,
And very likely, Sir, it may:
But how can I be sure 'tis so?
For lovers all are blind you know!

† Similar answers have been received from C. Crews, in Newton Abbot; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; N. Gibble, near Plymouth; J. Woodman, of North Curry; S. Tucker, of Bugford; T. Kite, of Stockland; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; J. C. jun. of Ottery St. Mary; and J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot school.

A CHARADE, *by T. Pearce, of Chard.*

OFT from my first, in social life,
Comes the whole source of love or strife;
My stately next glides on the main,
And lately has been sent to Spain;
Connect these parts aright, and you
A contract then you'll bring to view.

A REBUS, *by L. N.*

A Musical instrument first make appear,
Whose dulcet-ton'd note charms the highly-pleas'd ear;
When that you've obtain'd you clearly will see,
A Latin conjunction my second must be:
When Boreas call back his cold biting blast,
And nature proclaims that the winter is past,
My beautiful whole then peeps forth from the ground,
Diffusing sweet odours and fragrance around.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

READERS, have ye not heard of late from far,
The awful tidings of destructive war?
Of kingdoms fall'n, of distant empires lost,
And numbers conquer'd by a mighty host.
Ah! thus it happens to *our* num'rous race,
Secure to-day—to-morrow quit the place.
Our chiefest foe is him who, quite unkind,
Oft cut us down like chaff before the wind;
And when our number is again restor'd,
He's sure to kill us with the self-same sword;
By all mankind we once were much esteem'd,
But now, alas! of no importance deem'd.

POETRY.

For the LETTER-BOX.

ODE TO PEACE.

BRIGHTEST of the heavenly train!
Of form divinely fair!
Expand thy wings! resume thy reign!
And dwell for ever here!
Reclining on thy spotless breast,
Encircled in thy snowy vest,
Man found a calm and waveless rest,
Below the azure skies!
He saw thee milder than the dove,
He drank the nectar of thy love,
His heaven-taught soul aspir'd above,
And form'd his paradise!
What chas'd thee from the scenes of earth,
Where eldest nature gave thee birth,
Where olive robes thy form array'd,
Where angel smiles thy soul pourtray'd,
Where deeds of heavenly worth thy essence mild display'd?

'Twas sin—whose blood-stain'd course to tell
Her deeds of death! Her crimes of Hell!
The magic of her vengeful spell!
And works of blackest night!
Demands his wily tongue who bar'd
His giant arm, and proudly rear'd
In Heav'n his spear, and madly dar'd
Omnipotence to fight!

Enough! Thy pestilential breath
Bore rapine, murder, guilt, and death,
Pale envy's fierce and deadly flood,
Revenge, with fingers dripping blood,
Infernal sisters! Lo! they rave,
Weaving trophies for the grave!
And malice too, with venom'd tongue,
The spotless fame of virtue stung;
And pride uprear'd her standard high,
Her feet bestrode the earth, her head out-tower'd the sky!

Ambition, first-born child of pride!
Out-stretch'd her empire far and wide,
On dubious base she vainly stood,
And rear'd her tott'ring throne on blood.
Her rapid strides out-tripp'd the wind,
And left the lagging storm behind!
Presumption fearless 'gan her reign,
With war, exulting in her stain!
Her rushing whirlwinds gushing blood,
Her roiling, deep, and death-stain'd flood,
And thousand nameless ills outswell'd the hellish brood.

Thus sunk, man spurn'd each glorious plan,
And lost the sounding name of—man.
Degen'rate reason fled her throne,
And passion steer'd the helm alone!

Corrupt

Corrupt, he heard the syren-song
Of empire—from the conqu'ror's tongue,
Tho' false, his guile with art was crown'd,
And justice felt a fatal wound!
The theme of conquest pleas'd his pride,
And guaranteed by power, the laws of God defied;

Say, dove-ey'd peace! amid the direful scene,
What tranquil mansion for thy throne was giv'n,
What warless region hail'd thee for her queen,
Banish'd from earth, from all her dwellings driv'n,
Thou reign'st enthron'd in rest—the empress thou of heav'n!

Hail fair ineffable! of angel birth,
Forego thy glory, and revisit earth;
Descend, and in thy gentle flight,
Beam mercy, mingled with delight.
Let rapine quench her midnight fire,
And malice in thine arms expire!
Descend! and spread thy genial rays,
O'er earth, in universal blaze!
Let man thy godlike nature prove,
Let envy soften into love;
Let murder drop her uplift hand,
And war disrobe her death-gorg'd band;
Let guilt, abash'd, thine empire fly,
And truth embrace humility!
Oh hither haste! here bend thy way,
On pinions of ethereal day!
Hail heav'nly stranger! ever mild;
Hail piety's adopted child!
Here fix thy throne, nor ever move,
Eternal be the reign of charity and love!

Camborne. B.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET.

MUSIC, Oh charming and celestial name!
What melody is in thy syllables!
Thro' ev'ry power and faculty it thrills,
And ravishes the universal frame!
What sweet controul and influence hast thou,
When grief-fraught clouds impend the furrow'd cheek,
The dark, uncomfortable veil to break,
And beam serenity upon the brow!
Absorb'd in thee the child of sorrow flings
His cares to wind; this miscreant earth he spurns,
And with impatient, glowing ardour burns
To soar to Heaven, upborne on eagle wings;
There 'midst the seraphim, and there alone,
Thy wond'rous charms are in perfection known.

August 7. L. N.

CONSOLATION FOR NEGLECTED BARDS.

IN vain for present fame you wish,
Your person first must be forgotten;
For poets are like stinking fish—
They never *shine* 'till they are *rotten*.

V. U.